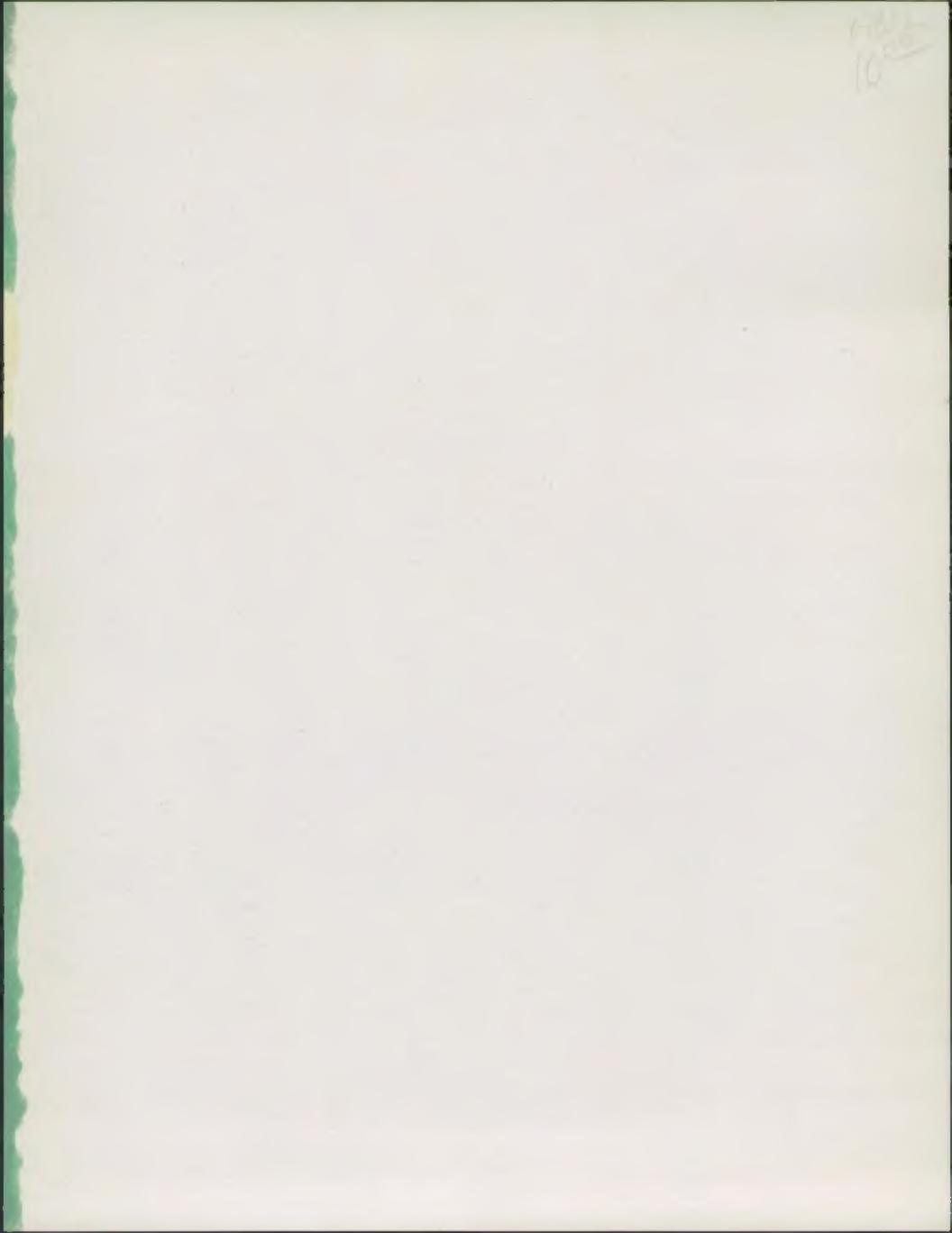
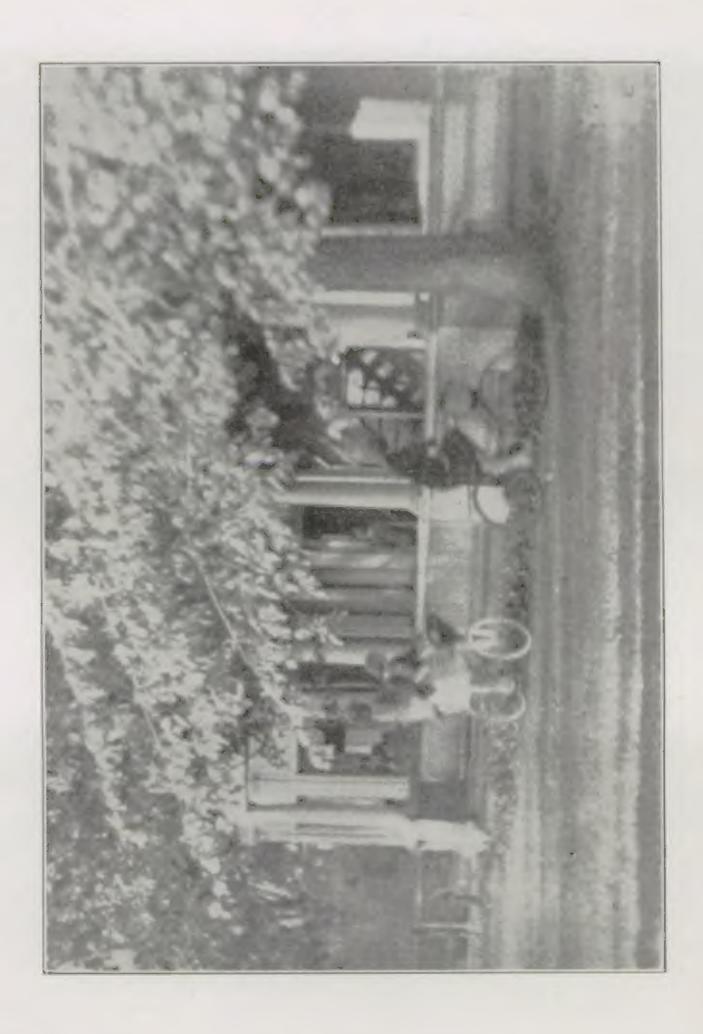




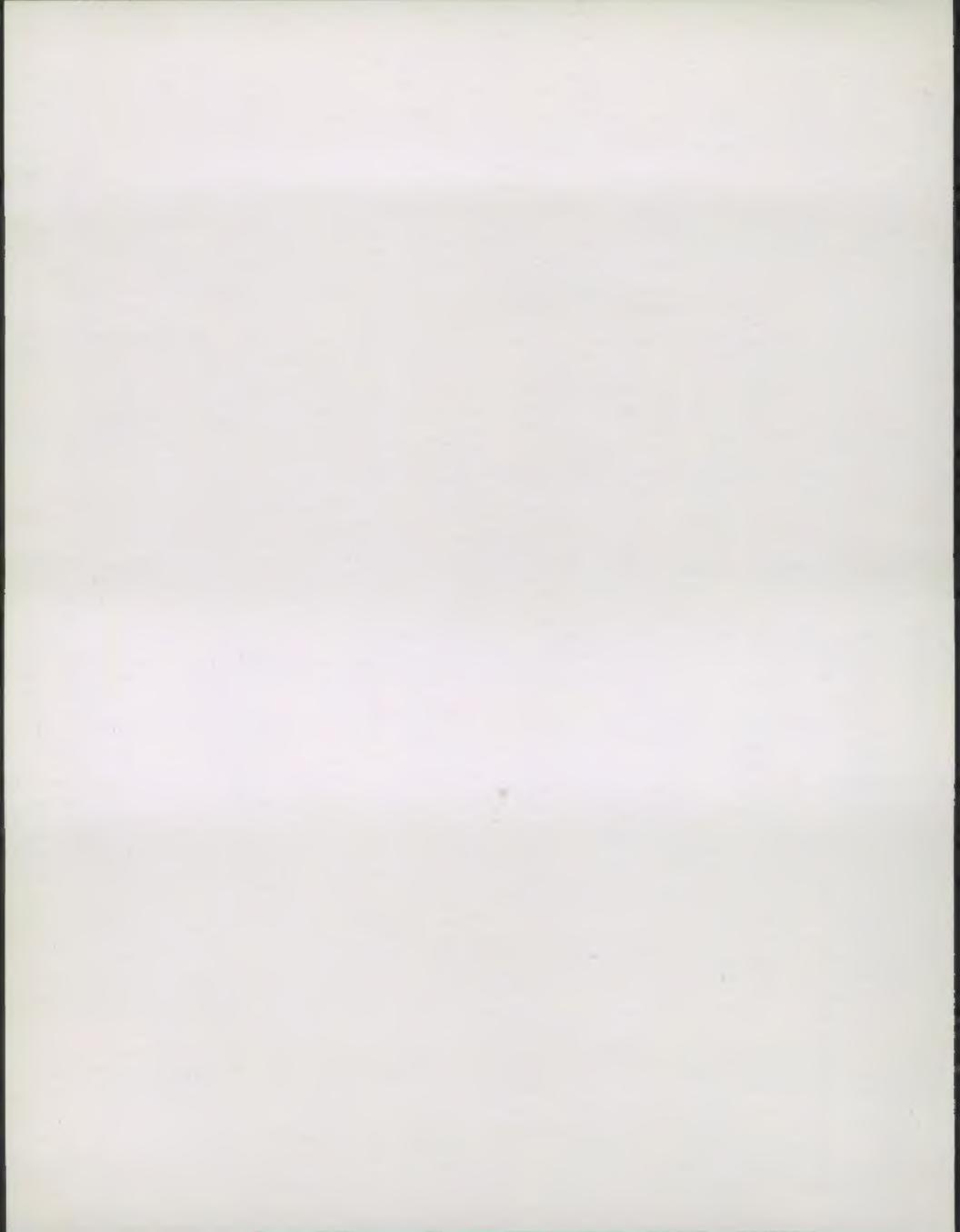
card what













To Miss Hannay

X+Y=Z seems an impossible equation until you supply the components; X as our class, something of a mystery; Y as You, Miss Hannay; equals Z, our wonderful, zany years at Hartridge which you have done more than your part to make wonderful. We thank you.



Faculty

Frances Hurrey
Harriet Sleeper
Barbara Hitchings
Mary B. Wells
Janet B. Fine
Barbara J. Morse
Agnes Hannay

Elizabeth Colie
Olive Ware
Juliette Escoffier
Elsie Goddard
Virginia Huyler
Jane Crowell
E. May Tennant
Mary Andrews

Mary R. Corwin
Hope Reid
Dorothy H. Lyall
Sylvia Miller
Elsie Nelson
Kathryn Ondricek
Elizabeth Stover



Student Council

[oan K

Wesley Martin	 	 		Vice-	Presi	dent
Mary Valiant				4-7-7	re	-161
Maryford			1	(epre	sento	itive
Patsy Ann Ivins	 	 Jun	ior	Repre	sento	itive
Iane Scott			* F		r 1	v 4
Peggy I		7 .	; T	-	r	4
Frances N' Br.		1 -,	3"	1	7 4	
Elsie Goddard		T = .	, 1 v	1		t ^a y
Frances Hurrey				F		

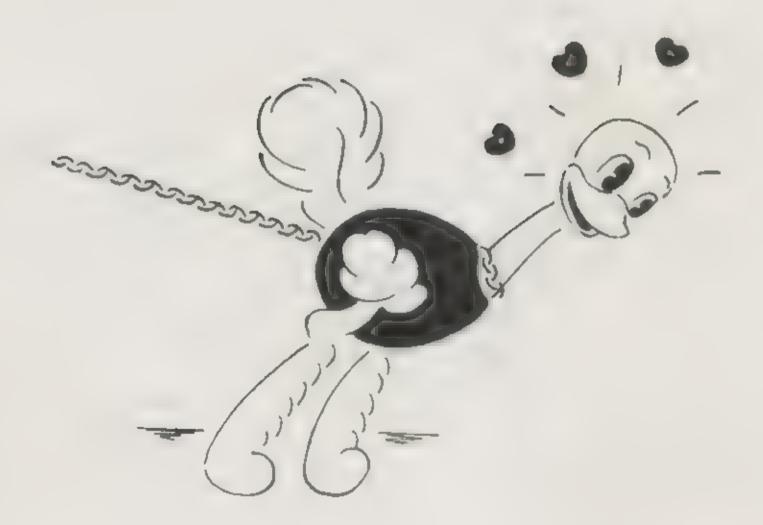


Annual Board

Editor-in Chief
Assistant Editor
Business Manag
Assistant Business Manager
Assistant Business Manager
Assistant Business Manager
Literary Editor
Assistant Literary Editor
Photography Editor
Photography Editor
Art Editor
Athletic Editor
Assistant Athletic Editor
Assistant Athletic Editor

ey Martin
Betty Butterfor
Marilyn Baker
Joan Kelly
Humme,
I Mygatti
Mary Hock
Virginia Linki
' Valant
ir Borow
Helen Buttleld
Joan Henwood
Marjone Bishop
ara Willis

5ENIOR5





Class History

n c n c i i n a f p a H back i i c n

THE RAVING

And each kinderair what in the bleak tember

And each kinderair white by ke upon the floor

While Valinoaded non-narping nudderly there came a tapping.

As of someone loud major on a soll wooden door.

That is Butthold," poor Valinthered, "plinding on my noggin sore.

Only this and non-nare.

d grade found Wills and He ting at the Mushroon door We were growing slightly bigger, lear a he to read and figger Playing and weary, but it is to revast sting four

Tiny, but efficient Wesley added to our clan one of Wesley added to our clan one of Wesley added by M. Steeper then our Guard. Guide, and Keeper To labor, vainly a pore.

Over many a quant and curious volume of largetten fore.

Academic darkness fearing, long we stood there wondering, peering our Borow stood beside as with I fund of facts galare.

Hack and Didi with and when kidded violent brush.

Forthed our number rively as we note: the last door.

Led by Fine and Wells and Hur deep dark mysters. plore.

And remember new as

thematics, logarithms, and quadrated by Joannie What a roard then and also G then the lanky, the indiskinny added the last the more to the class that onward tore.

To be Seniors, gallant theore, getting by but little in a very little more.

Though we wait with breath that a bated for the day we're graduated. And we think that a diploma is the thing we'd most adore. When our living we are a baby's diapers pinning. We will think with fond remembrance of the days. I are no more And we'll wish that we were back there at the Hartridge School front door. But we will be never

H S B 46

Twe rising we will the service.

MARILYN SPEIR BAKER

Slats" "Marl Lynn

1500 Charlotte Road Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942 Bennett Junior College



Nothing great was ever achieved without enthant



Glee Club, '43, '44, '45, '46, President of Glee Club, '46; Dramatic Club, '43, '44, '45, '46; Art Club, '45, 46; Green Hockey, '44, '46; Class Hockey '44, '45, 46, Varsity Hockey, '46; Class Baseball, 44, '45, Class Basketball, '45, '46; Varsity Basketball, '46 President of Class, '44; Treasurer of Class, '46, Library Committee, '44, '45, '46, Treasurer of Library Committee, '45, Chairman of Library Committee, '45, Chairman of Library Committee, '46, Chairman of Tin Can Committee, '45; Assistant Business Manager of Annual, '45, Business Manager of Annual, '46; Dance Committee, '46

pear land, Mill you ever jorget that days at country Day school and at his 4.10. c. 11. surres (Eng!

E'ne final ko listo for al cext for this is



bit L'in all'a reduce et

MARIORIE LAURA BISHOP

Loads of tack to you,

B31 Madison Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Love,

Entered 1941

Vassar

Dramatic Club. '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, Art Club, '43 14, 45, '46, Green Hockey, '44, '45, Green Basket ball, '44, Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, Class Basketball, '43, '44, Class Baseball, '44, '45, Athletic Representative, '46



ESTHER IVY BOROW

Гя

934 Park Avenue Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942

Bryn Mawr



Lat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we diet



Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club, '43
44, '45, '46, Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club
45, '46; Librarian of Glee Club, '46, Class Hockey
42, '43, '44, '45, '46, Class Basketball, '42, '43, '44
'46, Class Baseball, '42, '43, '44, '45, Student Council
Representative, '44, Vice-President of the Class 4f
Photography Editor of the Annual, '46, Junior Var
sity Hockey, '46

den Cos-I høpe you make out seller han I vid newere me in the same samily tell esult se smoot-It has seen nice felling to know you bellermicerely lards, i knick you best success &c



Butter

ELIZABETH EMILY BUTTERFOSS

Butter

Skidmore

Class Hockey, 45, '46; Class Baseball, '45, Varsity Hockey, '46; Dramatic Club, '46; White Baseball 15. Assistant Editor of Annual '46

0.0 - 1.2 1



HELEN STEVENS BUTTFIELD

Burphy" 'Steve

7 Myrtle Avenue Plainiteld, New Jersey

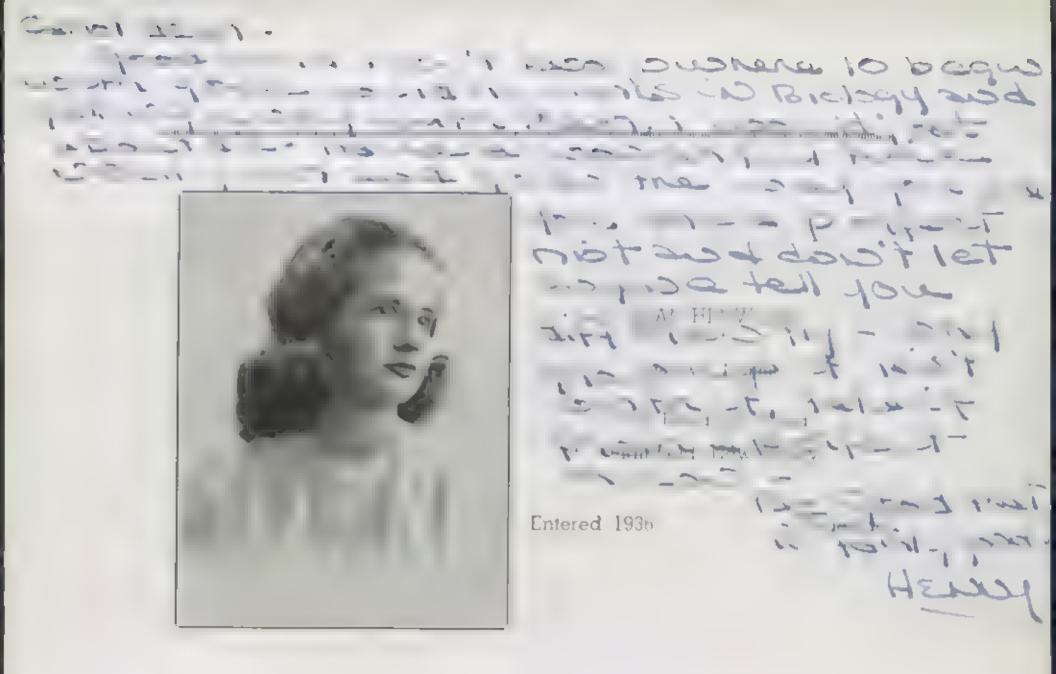
Entered 1933

Wellesley





Class Hockey, '44, '45, Class Basketball, '43, Varsity Hockey, '46; Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, Glee Club, '45, '46, Art Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46 President of the Art Club, '46; Library Committee 44, '45, '46, Secretary-Treasurer of the Library Committee, '46; Chairman Grounds and Traffic Committee, '45; Assistant Literary Editor of the Annual, '45, Art Editor of the Annual, '45, Secretary of the Class, '42



Little, but oh my

Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, Glee Club, '42, '44, '45, '46; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '46, Varsity Hockey, '43, '44, '46; White Team Hockey, '42, '43, 44, '46, Class Basketball, '42, '43, '44, '46, White Baseball, '42, '43, '46; Athletic Association Representative, '45; President of Athletic Association, '46, Chairman of Lunchroom Committee, '45, '46, Athletic Editor of Annual, '46



FRANCES THOMASON HUMMEL

Fron ' 'Hum

1014 Field Avenue Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1943

Lasell

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er of lac



Class Hockey, '44, '45, '46, Class Basketball, '44, '45, Class Baseball, '44, '45, Junior Varsity, '46, Red Cross Representative, 46, Class Secretary, '46 Assistant Business Manager, '46

الما المعلى الماع مسلك على المعلى الماء المعلى الماء المعلى الماء المعلى الماء المعلى المعلى



· JOHN-

IOAN NICHOLSON KELLY

Ioann.c

999 Woodland Avenue Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1942

Skidmore

Club. 45 '4n
45 Chairman
ittee '44 Green
15, Secretary of
r of Annual,



VIRGINIA ELIZABETH LINKE

Ginny 1 Link

Evergreen Åvenue Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1943

Smith





Chairman of Service Committee '46 Drai ic Clui
45, '46 President of Drai Club '46 Art Clui
46, Class Hockey, '45, '46 Baseball, '44, Assi
tant Literary Editor, '41

Down Mypoth, With you and throughts of you. I always

think of also all 72DS - them were the about, as another

will and Testoment, Ill towe you groups - congruence was



Down next year assist, and their of luck

1130 Thornton Avenue Plainfield, New Jersey

2 47

Entered 1940

Vassa

Cl Hockey 46, Red Cross Representative 14, Library Committee, '44, '45, Dance Committee 44, '45, '46, Chairman of Dance Committee, '46 Glee Club, '45, '46, Dramatic Club, '42, '43, '44, '45 16, President of Dramatic Club, '45, S- cretary of Class, '43; President of Class, '45, Vice President of Student Council, '46, Editor-in Chief of Annual, '46



to people Begg - My south mintures for Gregist - sh well

Love, Rocket.

MARY WORTH ROCK

Murph' Rocket

830 Second Place Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1941 Women's College of University of North Carolina



lots we may say of the district in the suffice in t



ss Hockey, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, Class Soltball, 44, '45, White Hockey, '45, J. V. Hockey, '46, White Soltball, '44, '45, Glee Club, '45, '46; Athletic Association Representative, '45, Student Council Representative, '46, Library Committee, '45; White Team Captain, '46, Class President, '43



and Dawe your and the

MARY ELIZABETH VALIANT

'Val" "Valerie" "Mary Val"

1120 Putnam Avenue Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1933

Weller

Class Basketball

6. Class Baseball , V

Dramatic Club. '44

prary Committee '4'

Student Council, '46, Picture Editor of Annual, '46, hairman of Salvage Committee, '46



SPECIAL STUDENT

SARA MORRIS WILLS

Sue W r

1200 Martine Avenue Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1936

Undecided



e saw Will conquer



Glee Club, '45, '46; Class Hockey, '42, '43, '45, '46 Varsity Hockey, '46; White Team Hockey, '45, White Team Softbail, '45; Assistant Athletic Editor of the Annual, '46

Class Prophecy

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Class Prophecy

....JOANNIE HENWOOD POST-DEB HAS FINALLY MADE HER CHOICE AMONG HER MANY SUITORS. THE PR HAS NOT YET BEEN INFORMED OF HER INTENDED....MIMI MARTIN ERST-WHILE ACTRESS BREEZED IN FROM THE WEATHER STATION TO TAKE OVER FOR CORNELL IN HER RE-REVIVAL "THE BAR PETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET." QUOTH SHE "IT'S WET UP THERE"....EMERGENCY! NEW YORK FLOODED! FRANCES HUM MEL CUT HER HAIR.... "ROCKET" TIMEOUT FAMOUS BASKET-

Last Will and Testament

Eaglebrook

You lucky girll

book as a monument to Friday afternoons

of having the drooliest hair and the deepest dimples

Art ... V. B. (Br. 1 t. pt.), ... t. 1 t. Art ... r. ... , 1 t. at. r. it. female, Barbara Begert, dig in, kidl

Active VI William of the Law of Court Athara of Active of the Active of

up any remaining mysteries

тими в системви в стемпиненти тистом и редотим и и и и

Last Will and Testament

Article IX To the whole class, Butter leaves the BIRDSEED! 1

At $x \in W$ $x \in W$ her stade various out of town week ends

Art of T. forcer Control to a state of the s

and pleasures

Att / MIL To Lot Nove 2 to 1 /2. Free Assembly!

Article XIV. Last but hardly least, Mr. X just leaves



Senior Symptoms

Name	Usual Occupation	Patois	Rough Spot
Baker	Having a chat with [. B	Ghhquqqaa	Taking too much trouble
b.snop	Dodging the	Awr, cut it out fellers	Preoccupation
Borow	Counting money	lzat right?	Overabundance of facts at the wrong time
Butterfo	Doing her homework (,	Ashadar	Impossible
Buttheld	Running	But I dont	Procrastination
Henwood	Talking to Mrs. O	Oh realiy?	Blaseness
Hummel	Combing her hair	Y ole bat	Forgetfulness
E-7	Crackina a · ·	Listen, kidde	Talking her way out of i
E P	Throwing wonderful parties	ı ods!	Reserve
Martin	B.ushing	retically speaking	Run-it complex
Rock	Cracking her fingers	I wanna get married	Inferiority complex
Valiant	Getting out of s.	Oh I don't know	Sensitivene
Wills	Looking for Joanie	Oh, honestly	Irresponsibility
Mr. X	Whistling	Call the plumber!	Unavailability

Senior Symptoms

Pet Love	Pet Hate	Saving George	Name
lothes	Bandannas	Eyes	Baker
aglebrook Jr. staff	Put-on accents	Spurts of effervescence	Bishop
gnd	Toast or onions	Nose	Borow
eagrams, her dog	Obstacles	The Maroon Dodge	Butterfoss
cer and cheese sand- wiches	Chickory-chick	Wit	Buttheld
ne Gay Life	Cats	Petiteness	Henwood
S. Coast Guard	Quack-quack	Good-naturedness	Hummel
l-linisters	Ministers' wives	Quip-ability	Kelly
l achshunds	Dripping water	Hands	Linke
All of 'em, the dears	Snakes and worms	The actress in her	Martin
'orporals	Tickling under the chin	Brown, brown eyes	Rock
W B	Martyrs	Dependability	Valiant
Things she can't have	Women ¹	Wowl	Wills
Centors	Telling little girls where	Are you kidding!	Mr. X
	to get off at	* Grace is sick	

Senior Favorites

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man	Portia Banks G
port .	Swi
nnk	Strong Str
' rgazine	LIFE and New York
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ACADEMIC





Fourth Academic

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Third Academic

Third Academic

Annual Annua



Second Academic

Joy Mooney - President

Kathryn Barbehenn

Ann Scott Chambliss

Barbara Dailey

Sprague Du Bois

Ioanne Goosman

Francine Jupp

Kathleen Ladd

Peggy Loizeaux

Jean McPherson

Joy Mooney

Peggy Mueller

Cynthia Olsen

Sue Randolph

Nancy Stirling

Magreta Volk



First Academic

Joan Du Bois---President

Cynthia Barr Martha Jane McAuliffe

Dale Bishop

Frances McBride

Ellen Brockway Elizabeth Pfannmuller

Ann Conley

Connie Pierce

oan Du Bois

Barbara Tofte

Fairfax Urner



School Calendar

September 19-Brace yourselves School

September 26—First assembly The subject summer jobs. Outstanding speaker ter Reed Hospital, Wes on Ca

October 5—Friday alternoon—everyone comes back for hockey practice. You sen we can color

outhern drawl brings roors when she stumbles through Stoophagle.

The eyes of Esther's camera take the whole thing in

or 10. The III's, IV's and V's take preference tests. The average pupil wishes to raise washing machines on a social service farm in order to discover a pitless cherry with the help of lorest range—

October 27-Didi said larewell gladly to a constant companion, her as pendix

October 29 -Dr Minez gave us a health talk on "witamins". We've all given upmoking, and as for the future, who knows?

November 21—Thanksgiving Vacation. What we can't cram into our stomachs and I long week

Mrs Sidney Greenbie takes over assembly. Glamor and biological tality become aims for all Never let your lare be dead, girls Hellywood ham't got anything we haven t got

December 7 Hartridge Pringry-Pearl Harbor dance Need we say more?

December 14—Christmas play—Twas the night before Christmas Vacation, and authough the gym creatures were stirring and raising a din. Comy? But really the play was a howling success. Christmas Vacation—ahhhhhhhhhhh

January 7-We brace outselves again!

January 16—The sixth grade better their previous standards in their play. They are sensationa

School Calendar

the structure of the first of the first of the state of the structure of the first of the first

January 23—Mr Ray Foo Peng s 1ks to us on the World Student League in China After breakfast, talk awh 1ker lunch, sleep awhile; after dinner, walk a mile Peanuts and a whistle!

January 30 February 1- EXAMS

January 30—English exams are over. Miss Cob. s and Pine Mountain give u chance to relax

February 7 Bargain Day at the Service Committee Auction with the lower school the most persistent bidders

February 9 Lawrenceville Glee Club and dancel Swonderfull Smarvelous! Use your imagina

February 11-The Monday after, mail arrives c/o Hartridge

February 13—With the help of Patsy Ann, master of emonies, Joan Williams through stones, water, and stewed tomatoes at a hilariou. Truth or

February 14—Feb 14 and Valen

.gs true love---or
gosh, gee, it don't work

February 16-SKYTOP

February 20—There is no snow Jean it and Esth of spared the introduction

February 28—S.lver jingles as the I's give a play for the benefit of the Service Committee. The Dramatic Club will prosper with talent next year

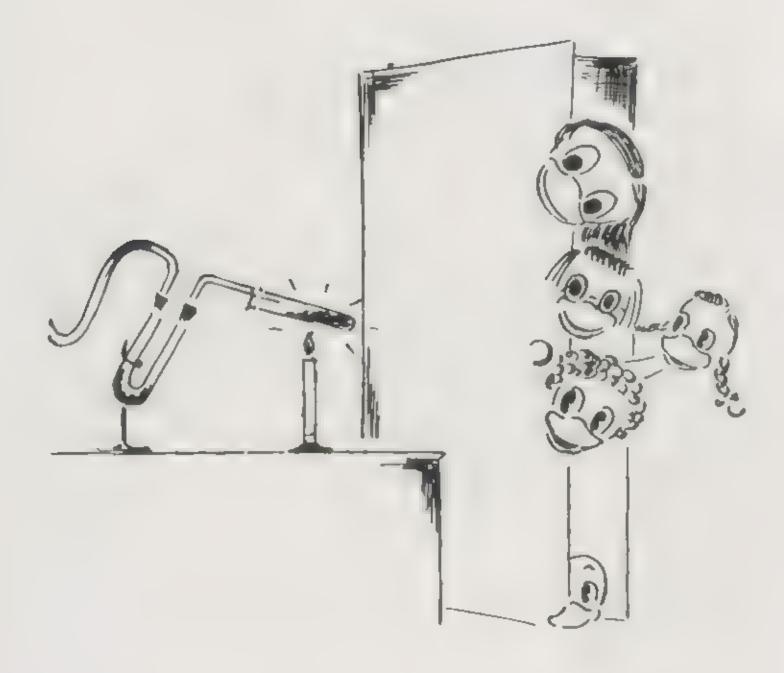
March 13-We're understood at last! Dorothy Waido Phillips spends the day with us

March 15. We wash our hands of the whole thing. The Annual goes to pres

As We See You

Hair	Leslie Muska
Ability	Peagy Loizeaux
Eyes	Anne Morrell
Disposition	Helen M ' - may
Nose	
Poise	Ann Conley
	Pat Ivins
Best-Dressed	foan William
Pep	Pat Wight
Funniest	Patty Nash
; 1 p t	Ruth Ann Sansom
Legs	Joanne Goosman
1 1 1, 11	Carol Brokaw
V	Greta Volk
*. siest	Carol Mygatt
Actress	Mary Major
Quietest	Ioanna Voorhis
Figure	Ginny Rausch
Good Looks	Dale Bishop
** st Popular	Pat Wight
, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	Mı 1

ELEMENTARY





Elementary

EVENTH GRADI A r p
Martha Jennin;
FIFTH GRADE le 1 / / Chamberla / ta Clark Barbara / 17
FOURTH GRALE Suzanne Bar in Sindra Morne Linii av Muskii
THIRD GRAFT McConley, Enzabeth Nish Jone Sixe Minten
FECOND GRADE

M - 4 H - 7 H - 4 - 4 M - 4 D - 1 - 4 - 4 D - 2 E - 2

Certain Seniors Will Never Forget . . .

00	1	ma	_	1
40	ш	- 00	u	ы

Creeping cheezes, pussy-footing around

Privilege of sitting on a chair

- \$ \$6 00 for two hours
- My mother bought me a panty girdle
- Somebody laid an onion in "Hamlet
- in view

Yes, yes, certainly that

Rub amber and things cling to it

The father of the son of that fish there

- 1. Pahshunl !
- To the ten of us
- Butter and the sailor
- 1: "Take out your notes on the Flavian emperors, buurrrp!
- . The day behind the Clara Louise
- Goin' down somore!
- 1/ "If you make a smell you don't expect, go under the hood
- · Bucky's
- Butter's quitting Latin 'cause she didn't want to come back Fridays
 International House, the Cale, Mr X

Miss Fine "Joan, what is the past tense of come?" "Comed."

A box of "Snickers" to that lady

- "Would you mind coming in a little later, Helen?"
- The Birdseed Girl



SPORTS



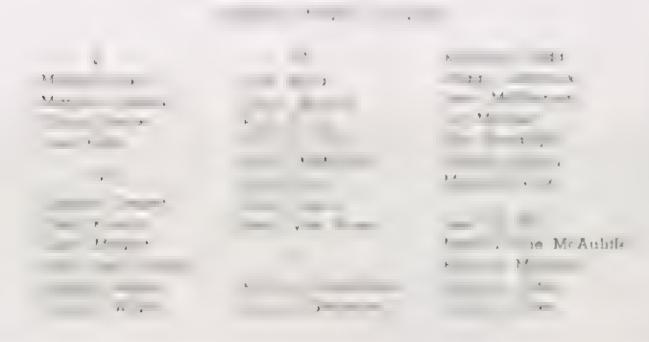


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Green Team





) **Бинингынгс**ы гаги чани газ ссті

White Team

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1

See Francis

Betty Buttertoss
Helen Buttiel
loan He
Frances H
Virginia Linke
Welley Murin
Mary Roce
Mary Valiant
ara Will

TV

foan Birke

-

Territoria.

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r



Varsity Hockey Team

PATRICIA WIGHT - Captoin

Manilyn Baker

Estner Borow

Helen Buttheld

Barbara Dawson

Patricia Gray

loan Henwood

Patricia Ann Ivins

Helen McMurray

Anne Morrell

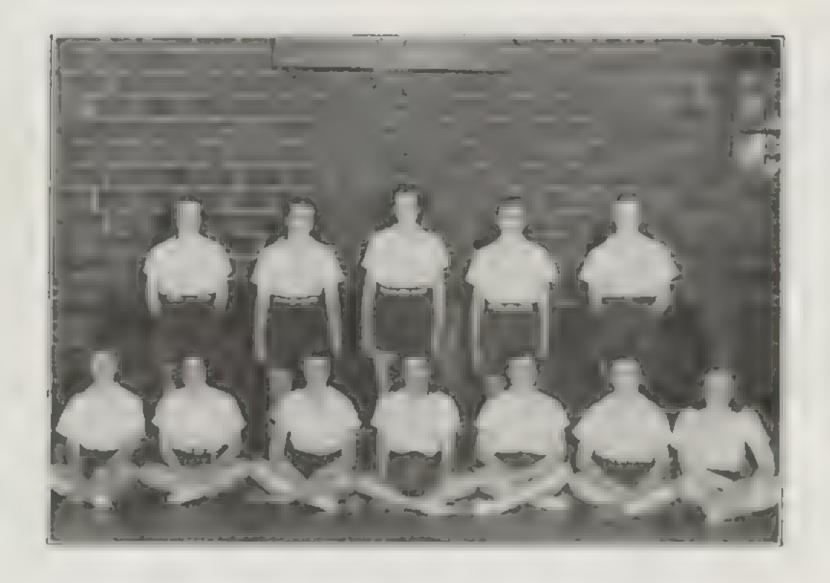
Magreta Volk

Joanna Voorhis

Patricia Wight

Joan Williams

Toan Windatt



Varsity Basketball Team

BETTY BUTTERFOSS - Captain

Barbara Dawson



Athletic Association

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1		· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
		V Acadei Intative
<i>,</i> , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		IV Academic Representative
		III Academic Representative
loanne .		II Acad
Martha Ica	*	I Acaden depresentative
Kathry:	,	Faculty Adviser

Sports Events

,	out on top with the Varsity
Nove	mber 10—We went to the hockey tryouts at Vail Deane, and Helen McMurray graciously saved the day for us
Nover	mber 12 – After an almost man-to-man battle, the Green and White game tied
Nover	nber 16—We all came home in an absolute dither as we had defeated the unbeaten-for-six-years Vail Deane hockey team
. 1	class hockey victory
1	
11	In basketball, but then we can't take all the honors
** 17	ball and came out on top
11.	die basketball game Everyone screamed, but the Greens were victorious. Score 29-271



CLUBS





Dramatic Club

Virginia Linke — President

Esther Borow Secretary-Treasurer

Elsie Goddard — Director

V		III	
Marjone B	,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,	Carol Brokaw	Lesne Muskat Patricia Nast Lyne Scott
Joan Burke Barbara D Faincia Ani	Mygart ====================================	Kathleen Ladd	Joy Mooney Sue Randolph

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1' 1 11 . . -----7000) (______ . . before the females of Mr. 1 Total Street F1 9 , Will your lives THE STREET . λ..... ___) = = = = = 1 1 The state of the s · -- - - M., . . r † r

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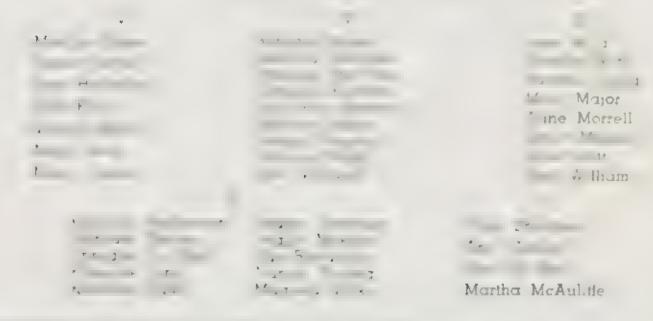


Art Club



Glee Club

"arılvn Baker — President
Patricia Ann Ivins — Secretary-Treasurer
Esther Borow — Librarian
Patricia Wight — Librarian
Dorothy H. Lyall - Director



a har agent of the decision of the agent of



Library Committee

Treasurer

Fifth Acade Repres

Fourth Academic Represe

Inird Academic Re
Second Academic Representa
Faculty Adviser

Marilyn Baker
Helen Buttheld
Mary Valiant
Barbara Begert
Carol Mygatt
Ruth Ann Sa
Helen McMurray
Sprague Du Bois
Janet B Fine

LITERARY



Third-Fourth-Fifth Academic Prize Theme

COMPANION FOR AN HOUR

I was strolling along the beach one alternoon. The sun shone and sparkled like green crystals through the slowly pounding breakers. They heaved a linal great sigh and crapt up to my feet. The sand was a huge shining iringe of gold, which stretched as far as I could see. Gulls swooped lazily in the cloudless sky, and their shrill screams were cut short by the stiff sea breeze. Looking ahead up the beach, I saw a small figure sitting in the sand. I shaded my eyes from the glaring sun and looked again to make sure it wasn't just a shadow formed by the rolling dunes. Yes, it was a figure. As I came closer, I saw that it was a small child. It was seldom anyone came to this desolate spot and I was amazed to see so small a child. It was a little girl. She couldn't have been more than live years old. She definitely warn't pretty, but there was an appeal about her. I sat down to rest quietly beside her. Turning her head she smiled cheerfully

Helio" I said

Hello," she whispered

Isn't it a lovely day, especially here by the ocean?' I asked

Oh, it certainly is," she winspered again. 'I do love to sit looking out at the ocean and pretend. I like to hear the music in the wind.'

Yes," I said, "it's always here on days like today." We sat in silence listening She staring at the sea, and I looking at her. Her plain brown hair was braided in one braid down the middle of her back. But it was her eyes which lascinated me. They were huge, dark wells with long thick lashes. But they had no feeling, they were the eyes of a person who had seen too much. The rest of the young face radiated peace and we both sat there perfectly at ease with each other. It was popular, this feeling of contentment with this little girl I had never seen before

White we had been sitting, the wind had increased. It was blowing violently when suddenly I saw, out in the ocean, a rolling mountain churning toward us. It's strange how on calm days a strong wind will come up suddenly and change the ocean into a madly pounding monster.

Look out there!" I cried "That wave will drench us! We had better move quickly" The wave was almost in now. I jumped up and pulled my companion to her feet "Back this way fast! I shouted as I ran to safety. I didn't look at her in my excitement. I thought her to be right behind me. I turned just as the gigantic wave thundered not far from where we had been sitting. There was the child wandering helplessly down to the ocean. Her face was wretched with terror, and her thin arms were groping ahead of her. Although I couldn't hear her I knew that she was screaming for me. I raced down to get her, but not in time. The wave had knocked her down and was dragging her along the sand. The water tagged wildly at my feet, but I kept a firm foothold. As her fragile body plunged past me, I grabbed her skirt and held on, until the water had loamed back to the ocean. I pulled her up, and half dragged, half carried her to the dry warm sand. She didn't cry as she gasped for breath; she didn't utter a sound, and it wasn't until I had helped her dry off that I realized it. She was blind.

B D, '47

Third-Fourth-Fifth Academic Honorable Mention Theme

PATIENT SLEEPING

Im all right. Sure I am. I'm line. I've been a little nervous, but I'm all right now. I'm having a rest-cure. That's what they tell me, anyway. I'm having a rest-cure and I can I see anybody. Only the doctor and the day nurse and the night nurse and the floor nurse and the head nurse and the tray girls and three or four orderlies. All I have to do is eat and sleep and not worry about anything and rest. And that's just what I am doing I may not look it, but that's what I'm doing? A hospital is just the place to do it in. No one disturbs you. Not until seven o clock, that is! And then all they do is wash you and give you some breakfast and wash you and clean the room, and then you can test You can till they wash the windows. And then you can rest till they want to clean the bath room You can rest while they clean the bathroom. You can I can't. Not while the hospitals use tin basins, I can't. Certainly I'm not jumpy I'm fine. I like having the basins banged around me. And I don't mind a bit if the nurse sings while she does it It doesn't make me nervous-it makes me sick, but it doesn't make me nervous. And after they get the floor scrubbed, I can rest while they clean the rugs. They Il take them outside to clean them, and that's very considerate. They understand. They know I'M resting. They II wait till I'm asleep and bring them back and drop them beside the bed with a nice dull thud. But I don't mind. I'm line. And then I get my rub, and that's wonderful. All up and down my spine and I get sleepy again. And then the nurse tiptoes over and opens the window and tiptoes over and pulls down the shade, and then she moves all the furniture and washes a few tin things, and then she goes to lunch. Well suppose she does leave the door open? I can get up and shut it, can't !? I'm not sick am I? I'm just in for a rest. And after I shut the door, I can go fast asleep. I can till they ring the telephone. I know they have orders not to, but anyone can make mistakes. And of course, they have to send up flowers. Even if there is a sign on the door that says, 'Patient Sleeping," it doesn't way don't wake her, does it? I'm not complaining. Alter lunch I can rest. Unless the doctor comes. Well, I can rest when he leaves. I ought to be able to It's quiet here. It says so in the street. There is a little riveting next door, but who minds that? I do, but I can't stop it, can I? I can't stop progress, can I? And I can't stop the radios. It certainly was a swell idea to put radios in hospitals. I wonder who thought that up?

I don't mind visitors across the hall. They have to shout, I don't mind it. After all they have to cheer the patient upl. They can't come in a hospital and let the patient think he's sick, can they? They have to be hearty. Sure they do So stop biting the bedclothes, you dope. After dinner you can rest. After dinner and after your bath and after your milk of magnesia. Then you can rest. You aren't nervous, are you? You aren't going to let a little thing like a rest-cure upset you, are you? Certainly I'm not! I'm caim . . . I'm swell. I'm not screaming I'm resting

J. K., '46

First-Second-Third Academic Prize Theme

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

I always knew that Highball would get Pete in the end. It was frightening to realize that, and I lived with that terror in my heart throughout the Rodeo season, knowing that in time everything would be over

Pote had worked for us for two years, when I was about litteen and he nineteen. He was the best cowboy we had ever had, and that year if I remember correctly. I thought that I was in love with him. At any rate, he paid no attention to me and did a beaut ful job of horse-breaking.

Now, after almost five years, seeing Pete again, I noted that he was still as tall and lean as ever, but more sober and serious, quite a change from the debonair boy he had been. He was friendly and nice and we spent long hours reminiscing. We laughed over my old crush on him and discovered that we were staying at the same hotel, the Belvedere, across from the Garden. We had good times together, but I felt pretty low mainly because of Highball, and because Pete was like a lost child, clinging to me for support. The strangeness of everything made him feel like an outsider.

The first time Pele met Highball was the second day of the Rodeo. The master of ceremonies announced, Peter Dunn, in chute number three, ndes Highball 'I was sitting astride the chute gate helping him on and giving him a pep talk at the same time. Highball was a well-known killer who had murdered many riders and had bucked every one off, so you can see why Pete needed it.

As Pete eased into the saddle, Highball turned his head ever so slightly and gazed back at Pete. There was respect in his eyes for Pete as well as loathing. I looked at Pete to see the same expression in his eyes. My heart skipped a beat. Before I could say anything the chute opened, and Highball was out like a streak of lightning, running and bucking at the same time. He would gallop a few paces and swing around in a dizzy circle and then suntish and jackknife, and begin all over again. It was a frantic hateful struggle between the man and the horse. The horse was outdoing himself to kill the man in a devitish, scheming way, and the rider was straining and forcing the horse to break. I began to leel how Pete must have felt, that awful detached way your head feels from the rest of your body when a horse bucks the way Highball did. Pete's face was strained and determined, lighting as hard as he knew how. Just before he went off, his eyes sought mine and the despair in them caught at my heart. His head began to wobble and his knees to weaken. I screamed at him to STAY ON! He buckled and went off.

Highball's eyes greamed satisfactorily as Pete got up and limped toward me

"It was a grand ride while it lasted, Pate," I said and he smiled wanty, but I could see in his eyes hatred and determination. He would stay on next time if it killed him. Then I know

Pote wasn't scheduled to ride Highball till the next week again, and I lived in an agony of waiting. He was the hith rider out and I stayed as near to him as possible. Before he got on, he smiled at me confidently and slapped me affectionately on the shoulder I whispered, "Good luck"

Highball was out like a shot bucking savagely. No other rider had stryed on Highball and each one had taken an awful beating. He was bucking in a new way, crow-hops and spinning, every inch of him lighting madily and cruelly to kill Pete, but Pete sat him like no other rider had ever sat a horse. The contestants were aware of the terrible struggle and the magnificent way Pete rode. My heart burst with pinde, and yet I was in a nervous and claiming sweat. Suddenly the buzzer rang, and I was filled with a relief that flooded my body. I turned and saw the audience relax.

Suddenly a woman screamed) Every moving part of me stopped Highball hadn thinished. He had kicked a pick-up mans horse and Pete was still on His face was white and every muscle in his neck and face stood out in straining cords. His head began to snap and his eyes rolled. Highball swapped ends viciously and Pete tumbled oil. As he went down, Highball kicked him resoundingly in the head. The crack echoed and re-echoed through the stands, and all was silent.

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Highball walked away and stood defiantly. Pete lay on the ground a crumpied broken body. I stood frozen, no breath left in me to scream

Suddenly I found the strength and ran out into the arena Oblivious to everything else. I went on my knees beside Pete. I gathered him up in my arms, crying his name I looked into his face and saw the blood gush across it. I put him down and stood up stiftly. Terrible sobs racked my body. I stared blindly ahead.

As I stood there. I requized too late what my fifteen year old heart had been trying to tell in-

S R. 49

Sixth-Seventh Grade Prize Theme

THE COMING OF THE LADY SLIPPER

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, in a country known by few, there lived a youthful and exceedingly beautiful princess. She was in love with a neighboring Prince of sixteen years or so, but by unfortunate happenings the Prince was excled with his father. His Mujesty the King, on an island. Upon hearing this news the Princess mourned for his love and so became useless and was beyond consolation.

After a while (at least four months) the Princess fell ill from no exercise and undernounshment. The King, being very close to her, summoned the best physicians from all over the world. Upon examination, it was found that only eating what was put before her and complete happiness would cure the child. When asked what could be done to make her happy, she leably replied to bring the Prince to her. She was promptly told and without much thought, but not unkindly, that it was impossible. But after looking up important data, it was found that he could be set free. No one thought to tell the Princess and presumed that they would surprise her with his presence as soon as possible.

As you might know, with entanglement of legal rights and such, it was thought that it would take at least two months for his transportation to the mainland. Upon hearing that he would be reconciled with his beloved, the Princess, he was overjoyed

But in the midst of the secret preparations, the Princess died, I am sorry to say merely from disappointment

Upon arriving, the Prince expected a royal reception, but instead he received only the mourning peasants and the sad music from within the castle walls. When he got there, he asked to be ushered to her chamber before she was carried away for the burial ceremony and procession. When he saw her lying so pale and thin and remembered her as being so lively, he dropped to his knees and openly wept. As she was carried out one of her delicate slippers fell to the ground unnoticed.

As the Prince left the room, he saw it, and knelt to pick it up to fondle it. But as he stumbled down the stairs behind the procession, his heart failed, and as he reached the bottom, he tell, dead of a broken heart.

When the slipper, wetted by his tears, fell from his grasp, it took root and so became "The Lady Slipper," a flower

V M. '51

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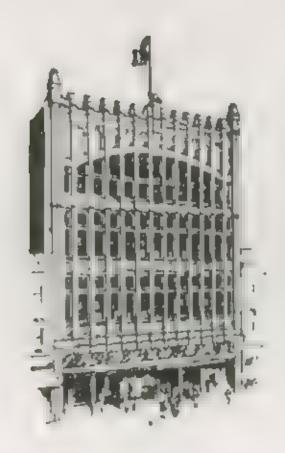
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